

THE SUNNY SOUBRETTE

A TETE-A-TETE WITH EDITH ELLIOTT.

By Eleanor Rivenburgh.

I offered an apology for disturbing Royal and I were really married under, expecting she and guests. "Oh, no!" she laughed, "that was only I again talking to myself. You see we must make the most of every spare moment to study our parts. It's always much easier for me to commit to memory when I read my manuscript aloud."

And just then a mite of two years came and stood undecidedly in the doorway, with big blue eyes, and a huge Dresden bog on her hair and fluffy ruffled skirts.

"That's my little sweetheart," explained Miss Elliott. "my own dear little baby girl. Isn't she just too lovely for words?"

And with a genuine winning smile and toss of her head, the characteristics which have won her Honolulu audiences, the charming and delightful ingenue began to chat pleasantly about her life and all that it means to her, or rather in a suburb between her.

"My home is in Everett, Washington, and is the cutest little house of four rooms you could imagine. We own some other lots too," she laughed, stroking the brown head which shyly nestled beside her, "but they are for the baby."

"We were in Everett three years before coming to Honolulu," went on Miss Elliott, "and I love the place and people very much. The parts I have played while there we stacked up one day—my husband, Mr. Royal, and I—and we found they stood higher than I."

"My husband had a stock company there of his own, and every night after the performance we'd go home to our little four-roomed bungalow and the baby."

"Well, one night as we sat roasting potatoes by the big open fire, a thought occurred to me."

"Why in the world don't you write?" "Too late," he replied. "I've had that thought myself for some time."

"So right there and then he sat in daylight, and the same every night for a week till it was finished. It is one of the greatest plays I ever read, and it's called 'The Turning Point.' Some day I am going to star in it, you know."

"When did you meet Mr. Royal?" inquired, "and when and where were you married?"

Miss Elliott laughed gleefully, throwing back her head and clasping her knee with her hands.

"That was a romance, really. You see my father is a theatrical man and is well known in San Francisco as Musical Fletcher. I was on the stage with him long before I met Mr. Royal."

"Well, you see it was like this. Mr. Royal came out with a company and the manager of the company was a great friend of my father. So consequently I met him and the man whom afterward I was fated to marry."

"Mr. Royal was awfully nice to me from the first, and one evening with a party of ten he took me to Ringling Bros. Circus. He was just lovely and bought me everything from peanuts to pink lemonade, but even so you know I wasn't much impressed. Then he went east and tried to work up a correspondence, sending me a souvenir of the World's Fair at St. Louis."

"I was doing vaudeville work about six years later in San Francisco, and one day I went into the office of Leo Johnson for some new songs, when behold sitting comfortably in one of the office chairs, with his feet up on the desk, was Chas. Royal. Well, I was surprised!"

"Some time later Mr. Royal organized a musical comedy company and engaged my father and me to go along to Tacoma. It was there I found out I was really in love with him, and although my mother and father were not too pleased about it, we were married in that city right after the 'Prisco disaster.'

"And now!" exclaimed the pretty little ingenue, leaning forward with laughing eyes, "now comes the romance!"

"I thought that was over," said I. "No. The prettiest part of all is yet to come."

"My Royal was playing a juvenile part and I was the ingenue with whom he was supposed to be in love."

"On this particular night, the public had been notified of what was going to happen and the theater was packed to the doors. The boxes were filled with our families in full dress and a great many in the audience were dressed the same."

"Well, in the play the curtain comes down on the last of one act, and in the next act we two were supposed to have been married six months. But right after the first act, the curtains rose and right there on the stage Mr. der a great bell of white roses, by a

Go To Blazes

A TORRIDLY TOPICAL DIALOGUE IN ONE SPLUTTER.

By H. M. AYRES.

"Go to the Orpheum fire?"

Sure, it was the hottest show ever put on at the theater."

"What started it?"

"Someone said that Tommy Lane upset a lamp."

"Well, it's a long lane that has no overturning."

"Isn't Tommy a rather short Lane?"

"Help, fire, police!"

"The fire department did fine work."

"Yes, they made a record run to the scene of the conflagration."

"Thurston's the right man in the right place."

"Hose he?"

"Why, the department's gallant chief, of course."

"That may be, but his assistant is also pretty Deering."

"Haul in!"

Talking about thirst, Charlie Lambert's saloon had an arrow escape."

"Yes, it's been a mark for the prohibitionists for some time."

"I was rather disappointed the place didn't burn."

"Something on the slate, I suppose?"

"No, only that if it had burned it would have given me a chance to have written a poem about it."

"Why, you're another Nero."

"No, only a Primo."

"How would the poem have read?"

"Something like this, clear the way:—

"There was Brown upside down,

"Mopping up the whiskey on the floor;

"Save that booze!" the firemen cried

"As they came knocking at the door,

"Don't let 'em in 'till it's all mopped up!"

"Someone yelled to Macintyre,

"And they all got blue, blind, paretic drunk

"When the Orpheum caught fire."

"Tres beans!"

"Yes, baked beans."

"Say, the Majestic had a close call."

"It's a wonder to me that the place was saved."

"How's that?"

"The landlady's name is Blazedell!"

"Tut, tut!"

"Levy the tailor nearly had a fit when he heard the alarm."

"A misfit, I presume."

"He was in a terrible quandary until he had inspected his insurance policy."

"That so?"

"Yes, he didn't for the life of him know whether to whistle the Doxology or rescue the cash register."

"One old gentleman in the block was so vexed that the wind was blowing the wrong way that he danced on his ear trumpet."

SCHOOL TEAMS WILL PLAY.

The Punahou, High School, St. Louis and Kamehameha baseball teams will start their annual inter-school series on Alexander field this afternoon, and if good weather prevails a large body of students will no doubt be on hand to watch the play, and to cheer their teams to victory.

Great rivalry exists among these four schools, and each is confident that they will be the champions at the end of the series. All the teams have been practicing daily in preparation for today's games, and if good ball does not result it will not be for lack of practice.

The games will be called at 1:30 sharp, the second at 3:30.

NOTICE.

After May 1st Dr. H. V. Murray will keep evening hours from 7-8 on Monday, Wednesday and Fridays only save by special appointment

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FORTUNES have been MADE recently in CALIFORNIA OIL by investors who have had the courage of their convictions. To those FAMILIAR with the property of the TEMPLOR RANCH OIL CO., this stock has always been regarded as a SPLENDID INVESTMENT for future returns.

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"How sad!"

"I went into his store the other day and asked for a book by Du Maupassant. He replied that he hadn't any songbooks."

"Hear about Will Prestidge?"

"No, what's he been doing?"

"They call him Casablanca now."

"Pehea?"

"He was playing poker when his room caught fire and he stood on the burning deck."

"The manager of the Orpheum always said that what the old house wanted was something light and lively."

"Well, Thursday morning's show was certain Cohen some in that direction."

"That'll about do you?"

"Don't let's part bad friends. A little music, please, professor, while we render that touching dirty entitled 'Only a Match in the Mattress, or I Have to Wear Mama's Pajamas Now.'"

SUNDAY SERVICES

Christian Church.

A. C. McKeever, minister, 9:45.
Bible School, W. G. Hall, superintendent, 6:30. Y. P. S. C. E., "Christ Our King," J. A. Vogelbech, leader; E. R. Wellborn, president.
11 a. m., sermon—Missionary.
7:30 p. m., sermon—"History of Saul's Conversion." Music by Young Men's Choir. All are welcome.

Methodist Church

The First Methodist Episcopal church, corner Beretania avenue and Miller street; John T. Jones, pastor.
Sunday school, 9:45 a. m., R. H. Trent superintendent.

Morning worship, 11 a. m. Sermon by the pastor; subject, "The Christian Religion Progressive in Character."

Epworth League 6:30 p. m., subject, "Empowering for Testimony." Acts 2: 3, 4.

Evening worship, 7:30 o'clock. Sermon by the pastor; subject, "Buying and Selling Truth."

Music under the direction of Mr. F. L. Lee. Miss Agnes Wickstrum, organist.

Tourists, visitors and the public generally are invited to attend these services.

Central Union Church.

Doremus Scudder, minister; Amos A. Ebersole, assistant minister.
9:30 Bible School.

10:00 Men's League Bible Class—"The Post-Resurrection of Jesus."

10:00 Women's Society Bible Class—"The Teachings of Jesus and His Apostles."

HALLEY'S COMET.

When the great comet first peaked over the eastern horizon, it was to be first seen from Kaimuki. It is in that same place that all the islands, and the tourists without our gates, see the best bargains to be had in suburban building properties. Lots there are cheaper now than they will or can ever be again. See the Kaimuki Land Company about it.

The long trip of the steamer Rosebank is causing her local agents some worry, as she left the eastern coast a day before the Glenshiel.

The Hiltonian of the Matson line is scheduled to sail from Seattle for Honolulu on May 12.

The Claudine will sail this afternoon at five o'clock for Hilo and way ports.

The bark S. C. Allen and steamer Manshu Maru arrived today.

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